

ELECTRICITY.

Spirit of the morning ray,
Peering over Eastern hills,
Where the lark's blithe roundelay
Thrills the roses' scented spray;
Spirit of the morning ray,
Light, thine essence fill.

Demon of the whirling cloud,
When red lightning's fire
And the wild wind moans aloud,
In thy whirling chariot-cloud,
Death and blight drive by.

And thy presence lightly springs
Where blue ice-peaks loom,
Where the weird Aurora flings
Against the sky her flaming wings,
Through long twilight's gloom.

In the languid southern moon's
Silver beam, thou still dost hide,
Where the love-lorn night bird croons
To the lotus, on the lily
Of soft tropical lagoons.

With the gnomes thou liest sleeping
In Earth's sparry caverns old,
In the thick with virgin gold,
And thy fingers swift unfold
Violet buds, when over the mold
April's clouded sky is weeping.

Through the blue, bright mass of air
Plying creeds watch thee firing
To assuage some heart's despair
With Love's message from the dying.

Or, through shell-strown colonnades
Far beneath old Ocean's tides,
Where the startled, shy mermaids
Wreath with pearls their shining braids,
Swift thy subtle presence glides.

There hath Nature shown all moods;
Thou dost know her star-strown places,
Sun-worlds, and bleak solitudes
Where eternal darkness broods
O'er hibernical spaces.

Thou hast seen life upward climb,
From the first faint spark eternal
To the prophet's chant sublime;
Chaos knew thy force supernatural
Across the birth of Time.

—Eva Katharine Clapp, in the Current.

THE COMING HOME.

"There's the cottage at Harlem,"
Nell said, in a timid tone, as if she
half expected to be annihilated for the
suggestion.

"Good gracious, Nell!" Fannie
cried.

"There's the coal cellar," said Aunt
Sue, imitating Nell's voice to perfection.
But the touch of sarcasm
roused the exceedingly small pugilistic
spirit Nell possessed.

"I don't consider the suggestions
parallel at all," she said, blushing a
little. "I know the cottage is very
small, but it is habitable."

"Habitable!" cried Fannie. "You
couldn't swing a cat in the whole
house!"

"We will let the cats exist without
swinging, then," said Nell, stoutly.
"See here! We can't live here any
longer?"

"No," Aunt Sue answered ruefully,
"not for the present, at any
rate."

"Our worthy guardian having aban-
doned with all the property he held
in trust from our father, including
your \$20,000, Aunt Sue, we must look
for some means of existence more
humble than this big house and \$2,000
a year income."

"Oh, Nell!" and here Fannie's blue
eyes overflowed, "how could he?"

"I can't tell, my dear sister; but he
did. That's the important question.
Now, as we can't pay the rent of this
house any longer, I propose we take
possession of the little cottage at Har-
lem that we own, furnish it out of this
house, sell the tables and chairs re-
maining over, and look out for some
work. I suppose we can do some-
thing," she added, doubtfully.

Something of Nell's courage inspired
Aunt Sue, for she suddenly straightened
up and said:

"Before Brother James, your father,
my dears, made money and took me to
his home, God bless him! I had to
work for my bread. I made caps, and
I could teach you girls now."

"Millinery?" said Fannie.

"No; caps for the army and navy,
and boys wore them, too; more than
they do now."

"We'll decide about that later," said
Nell, seeing Fannie's face fall again,
but now we must go over and see about
the house. How much money have
you got, Aunt Sue?"

"Ninety-seven dollars."

"And you, Fannie?"

"Two dollars and sixty-five cents,"
said Fannie, after deliberately counting
the contents of her portmanteau.

"And I have over \$20. Quite enough
to move, you see, independent of the
sale of the furniture. We don't owe a
cent; that's a blessing. I will take
Jane over this morning and set her to
cleaning, if you will see about the car-
pets and furniture; decide what is best
to take, I mean."

"You and Aunt Sue arrange it,"
Fannie said, wearily, leaving the room.

"Poor Fan!" Nell said, her whole
tone of voice changing, as she looked
after her sister. "It is harder for her
than any body."

"I don't see why," said Aunt Sue,
rather sharply; "she has gone about
looking like a ghost ever since that old
scamp Norris ran off, but I am sure he
took your money and mine as well as
hers."

"Oh, Aunt Sue, are you blind? Don't
you see that Mr. Norris is Fred's
father, and Fred, has also mysteriously
vanished; and, oh, didn't you see long
ago that Fred was in love with poor
Fan, and her great blue eyes brighten-
ed for him as they did for no one else?"

"I never thought of that. Fan never
said a word."

"How could she? Fred, never actu-
ally proposed to her, but he surely,
surely wanted to, and so intended."

"I'd like to hang his father."

And after this energetic declaration
Aunt Sue joined Nell in a ramble over
the house, deciding upon the best dis-
position of the handsome appointments.
Many a heart-wrench went with the
decisions to sell objects endeared by
years of associations but too large or
handsome for the tiny home they pro-
posed to occupy. Fannie helped by fits
and starts, but, as Nell surmised, the
girl had a headache to carry that far
surpassed the pain of pecuniary loss or
change of fortune.

She was a tall, slender blonde, very
pretty, and of a gentle, loving dis-
position, never possessing the energy of
brown-eyed Nell, whose beauty was
not nearly so great, but who made up
for a snub nose and a big mouth in the
sunny disposition and a quick vivacity,
that was very attractive.

Fred, Norris, the son of the guardi-
an who had so foully betrayed the trust
of the girls' dead father, had brought
his handsome face and winning man-
ners often to the house over which Miss
Susan Dorrimer presided, and had left
no power of persuasion untried in his
endeavor to win pretty Fannie's heart.
He was partner in his father's law of-
fice, winning his own way to fortune,
and no thought of the blonde's patri-
mony tempted him. It was pure, true
love that softened his voice for Fan-
nie's ear, shone in his eyes when they
rested upon her and brought him often
to her side.

And the love he coveted was given
him, though no words had yet been
spoken, when Herbert Norris suddenly
fled, and twenty-four hours later his
son was also missing.

It was a blessing, Nell said, that they
chose the spring weather for their jour-
ney, as the cottage in Harlem was cer-
tainly not tempting, as it stood, for a
winter residence. It made a large hole
in the money realized from the sales of
the furniture to put the old house in
repair, it having been empty for a long
time. And even when it was newly
painted and papered and brightened by
the prettiest of furniture it looked very
narrow and poor, contrasted with the
home where the girls had lived from
childhood. The piano had to stand all
askew to fit it all in the little parlor,
and the easy chairs and lounges looked
all out of proportion. But Nell work-
ed busily, and gradually the "fitting"
became a frolic; and even Fannie was
interested in wedding bureaus into im-
possible recesses and finding accommoda-
tion for the contents of the great
vans at the door.

"Just imagine, we have a spare
room," cried Nell gleefully; "here is
Aunt Sue's, here ours, here one for a
servant, if we ever again indulge in
such a luxury, and here a magnificent
apartment, handsomely furnished, to
let! All the rubbish and trunks can
go to the attic or loft, or whatever you
choose to call the sky parlor, dining
room, pantry and kitchen! Fan, seri-
ously, I like it. It is ours, that is one
good thing, and we can have lots of fun
cooking and cleaning."

"Fun!" said Fan, doubtfully.

"Yes, fun! Come, I'm going to
give Jane her wages, now we are all
fixed nicely, and we will get dinner.
Ain't you glad now we learned to cook
at Uncle Rodney's? How we hated it?"

Fan sighed over the memory of two
years spent with their mother's brother
on a cozy New England farm, while
their father was in Europe trying to
bring health back to his wife, who died
under Italian skies. But Nell would
not let her mope, and the summer days
were coming to make the cottage gar-
den a new interest, and a long walk to
the boat or cars only a pleasant country
stroll.

"There was a little money to put in
the bank for a rainy day, when Aunt Sue
obtained employment at her old trade
and the girls undertook embroidery for
a large dry goods establishment. June
had come, when one morning Aunt Sue
received a letter asking her to take a
boarder."

"A boarder!" cried Fannie, aghast;
"the man is crazy!"

"For the letter was signed 'John
Harris.' So it was a man."

"He is an invalid, and wants per-
fect quiet in a private family. He of-
fers \$10 a week, Fan."

"And he'll be \$20 worth of bother,
Just imagine a sick man to fuss over."

"Ten dollars a week," said practical
Nell. "It would nearly keep the table
for all of us."

Discussed in all its bearing, the pro-
posal was finally admitted to have its
advantages. The old family physician
was given by the writer for reference,
and there was the spare room "fairly
yawning with emptiness," Nell said.

So John Harris was graciously per-
mitted to take up his summer residence
in the little cottage. He was a white-
haired old gentleman, who stooped
badly, and had large, soft eyes, as blue
as Fannie's own. From the day of his
arrival his devotion to Aunt Sue was so
marked as to excite the mischievous
raillery of the girls, in spite of the lit-
tle old maid's blushes and protestations.

Was Aunt Sue in the summer house,
stitching upon her caps, John Harris
was sure to be found, reading aloud the
interesting portions of the daily news-
paper. Was she in the kitchen stirring
cake or rolling pie-crust, John Harris
was certainly leaning against the win-
dow-sill, making sage remarks upon
the beans or tomatoes in the wee vege-
table garden. Did Aunt Sue remark
her love for a flower, behold the next
day a wagon from town with a whole
garden ready to be transferred to the
soil of Harlem, under John Harris'
directions. He was very kind to the
girls, but their youthful charms evi-
dently faded before Aunt Sue's mature
ones.

It was a pleasant summer, in spite of
Fan's heart-sickness and the many pri-
vations that were now a duty. Poverty
had not bitten deeply into the nest-egg
at the bank, thanks to the supply of
work and the board of John Harris.
Upon the plea of poor appetite this in-
valid was constantly sending orders to
the city for supplies of dainties for the
table that aided materially in lessening
the culinary expenses, and he set the
girls to embroidering such a pile of
handkerchiefs with initial letters that
Nell declared he could never want an-
other if he spent the remainder of his
existence blowing his nose.

He liked carriage exercise and
hated to be alone, so he kept an open
barouche at the livery stable, and the
whole four rode every pleasant day
along the country roads. He insisted
that a servant was needed for his
multitudinous wants, and Jane was
reinstated, to her own profound satis-
faction.

But the crowning act of kindness
came when the October winds were
sweeping round the little cottage and
a fire in the sitting room grate looked
cheery and homelike. The Dorrimers
were expecting every day to hear
Mr. Harris announce his inten-

tion of returning to the city; but he
lingered day after day, as if loth to
leave the cottage. One blustering
day, when he had been in the city
since early morning, he came home
after dusk. Nell thought there were
two pairs of feet on the stairway, but
concluded she must have been mis-
taken when Mr. Harris entered the
sitting room alone. Fannie was sit-
ting near the window, and the old
man took a seat very near as he said:
"I heard some news in town to-
day."

Everybody looked interested.

"Herbert Norris died in England
two months ago. Dr. Garner was tell-
ing me about it. He has a son, a noble
fellow, who left the city after he
did to try to find him and persuade him
to restore the money he had taken.
But when he did find him he ascertain-
ed that he had taken—nothing! The
money, his own, trust funds, every-
thing, was invested in unfortunate
speculations, and it was to avoid ruin
and disgrace the man fled. His son
stayed by him, working for him, striv-
ing to make him return and face the
consequences of his imprudence, but
his heart was broken, and he died.
Died in poverty and grief! But his
son came home to face the misery and
disgrace from which his father fled.
He brought his clear brain and legal
knowledge to bear upon the complica-
tions, and he has succeeded in getting
affairs into training. It may be months
before there is any result, but Fred,
Norris faces the world to-day as an
honest man, free from any complicity
in his father's disgrace. But he is
very sad, very lonely. I think if he
had a few loving words to cheer him
on, the thought that he had not alto-
gether forfeited a love he strove hard
to win, the hope that success in the
future might mean a wife's love, a happy
home, he—why Fan!"

"For Fan had risen from her seat, her
cheeks glowing, her eyes radiant.

"Where is he?" she said softly.

"In my room. I will call him
down."

But Fred, lingering in the hall till
Fan went out, softly closing the door.
They came in presently together, and
Aunt Sue and Nell gave the young man
a cordial welcome.

When they were all seated again
John Harris said suddenly:

"Miss Dorrimer, had you ever a
brother John, who went to California
many years ago—a seafaring boy,
who deserted home and friends in a
spell of gold fever, and never came
home again?"

"I had a brother John," Susan an-
swered softly, "who was very dear to
me. He went to California, but he
wrote me and then."

"You know nothing of him now?"

"I wrote to him last spring, but I
think he never got the letter."

"Why?"

"Because—I—the girls did not
know—I told him of our trouble (it
was so hard for the girls to lose every-
thing, you see), and I am sure he would
have answered if he had received the
letter."

"Is he rich?"

"I don't know."

"But I do, and I will tell you. For
years and years ill-luck crossed him
everywhere. He made money by dig-
ging and was robbed. He grew rich in
business and was burned out. When-
ever prosperity came misfortune fol-
lowed close at his heels. So he was ash-
amed to write home and record his
failures, hoping at some time to have
a different tale to tell. He was right.
The tide turned and he made a fortune,
a good round sum, safely invested.
Then he heard of trouble at home and
he thought how pleasant it would be
to have a home. Bachelor as he was,
he craved home-love and life. He
thought tenderly of the blue-eyed
sister he had left a slip of a girl, of the
nieces he had never seen. So he ar-
ranged his business and came to New
York. He took one man into his con-
fidence—his brother's old physician—
he came out to the humble cottage—
Here the speaker was interrupted,
Sue was in his arms, sobbing:

"To think I never knew you!"

Nell was executing a species of war
dance around the arm chair in which
John Dorrimer sat, and Fan was bend-
ing over the white head, her hand soft-
ly caressing the snowy locks.

Before the winter came they were
all in the old home again, the cottage
being by unanimous vote retained for a
summer residence. Fan was married
when the new year dawned.—Chicago
News.

Had to Nominate Himself.

"If a man is in politics in Chicago,"
said a veteran worker on Friday, "and
wants a thing done he had better do it
himself. When we were down at
Springfield at the State convention, I
had an agreement with a man on the
West Side that I would nominate him
for a member-at-large of the State
committee and he was to nominate me.
After I had nominated him according
to the programme and my ward was
called in its order he went back on me,
and I had to nominate myself. It's
rather awkward for a fellow to nomi-
nate himself for an office, or to vote
for himself, but there are times when
the best of us have to do it."—Chi-
cago Inter-Ocean.

She Was Reliable.

A female of an uncertain age was
asked by a census taker—

"How old are you, madam?"

"Thirty years," she replied.

"That's what you told me last census,
ten years ago."

"Well, I'm not one of those kind of
women who tell one story one time and
another story another."—Texas Sift-
ings.

A Puzzled Widower.

Young Man: "I want to ask you a
question."

"Widower: "All right, ask away."

Y. M.: "You have been married
three times, tell me which wife did you
love most?"

W.: "You bite three sour apples,
one after another, and then tell me
which is the sweetest."—Texas Sift-
ings.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

A poem that inspires other poets is
surely genuine. In the way of imita-
tion or paraphrasing alone, the Twen-
ty-third Psalm has been an inspiration
to many of the great poets and hymn-
writers of the English language. Per-
haps not everyone is aware how often
his Psalm has been paraphrased, and
the various shapes and styles it has
taken. With a very incomplete search,
he writer is enabled to present no less
than ten versions by some seven writ-
ers, and doubts not that thorough in-
vestigation would double the number.
Among the oldest versions is one by
Rouse, printed in the old editions of the
Metrical Psalms, beginning:

The Lord's my shepherd; I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

This is still printed in many hymn-
books, but the language is too distorted
to represent well the original, while
the punctuation in the middle of lines
makes it jar with our modern forms of
music. In marked contrast are the
carefully balanced lines of Addison:

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

The trouble with this is, the feet are
too perfect and the division of the theme
too exact to compare with the simple
flection of David; and besides, there are
thirty-seven words used to express what
the original writer put in nine. More
natural and buoyant is the meter of
Batfield:

My Shepherd's name is Love,
Jehovah, God above;
Where tender herbage grows,
And peaceful waters flow,
He gently leads, He kindly feeds,
And lulls me then to sweet repose.

And yet there is an abruptness and
ingle that call the mind away from the
entirement to note the construction. Mrs.
Stella has written:

While my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear—
My wants are all supplied.

To ever-fragrant meads
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

It will be noticed that the line,
I bid farewell to every fear,

is almost identical with one of Watts'
in the hymn, "When I can read my
little clear;" but the writer will not
attempt to show which was written
first, merely giving this as a germ for
the curious. Speaking of Watts, that
rigorous and prolific hymn-writer must
have greatly admired the Twenty-third
Psalm, for he has written no less than
three imitations of it. Of these three
we present the first stanza of each, as
follows:

My shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be all supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

My shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

The Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?

Another resemblance. The line,
"Since He is mine and I am His," is
arid in "How can I keep from sing-
ing?" to "Since I am His and He is
mine." Both these, however, are imi-
tations from Candles. Mr. Mack writes:

To Thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd! lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Midst the springing grass prepare.

When I faint with summer heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and low,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

Doddridge, after an original introduc-
tion, imitates the Psalm, as follows:

Through every winding maze of life
His hand hath been my guide;
And, in His long-experienced care,
My heart shall still abide.

And so on through the Psalm. All
these are sung to-day. Besides them
s Montgomerie's beautifully paraphrased:

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I
know;
I feed in green pastures, soft folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters
flow.
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when
oppressed,
Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
By rod shall defend me, thy staff shall be
my stay;
No harm shall befall, with thy comforter
near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my
head,
Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence
more!

Oh goodness and mercy, my beautiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
Seek by the path that my fathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn—thy
kingdom of love.

The writer once took the liberty of
evising this last hymn, to make it
more conformable to the original,
which is presented in this connection
or what it is worth:

The Lord is my shepherd; no want shall I
know;
He makes me to lie on the green sloping
hill;
He leadeth my soul where the cool waters
flow.

The path of the upright restoreth me still,
though I walk through the shadowy vale
of the dead.

I will not fear evil, for thou art my light,
thy rod and my staff; thou anointest my
head.

Thou makest me feast in the enemy's
sight,
thy goodness and mercy shall spring in my
way.

And blossom and yield in my journey below,
and then in His palace with Him I shall
stay.

The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I
know.

How far short such real poets as
Montgomery, Addison, Watts, and
Joddridge, fall of the charm and power
of the original! How can we lesser
ones hope to approximate them?

I presume a volume might be filled
with references to this Psalm, as taken
from the writers of England and Amer-
ica. With considerable accuracy I can
say almost every poet of note hints at
an expression of the Psalm, and such

as rise not high by the blazing forth of
their distinctive genius reflect almost
to a man the light of this Psalm.

And what a this wonderful poetry-
inspiring poem? One hundred and
eighteen words, the size of only a small
paragraph in a newspaper. Of these
words, ninety-three are monosyllables,
and the remainder such as belong to a
child's vocabulary. More wonderful
than this, it is the most personal writ-
ing in the language. A pronoun of
personality, either I, me, or my, occurs
no less than seventeen times. It seems
there need be no argument to prove
that the Bible is inspired of God, after
one has read this Psalm.—C. L. Phifer
in The Current.

The History of Steel Pens.

In a pamphlet entitled "The Story of
the Invention of Steel Pens" Mr. Henry
Bore has collected from various and
generally original sources all the
known facts concerning metallic pens.
Some of these references, says The
Birmingham Post, run back so far as
the fourteenth and even the thirteenth
century, and curiously enough in the
case of MSS. of Robert d'Artois the
forger scribe is said to have used a
bronze pen in order to disguise his
writing and make his deception more
safe. A Roman metal pen is said to
have been found at Aosta, not a mere
stylus, but a bronze pen slit, and there
is some evidence of a pen or reed of
bronze nearly as early as the invention
of printing in the fifteenth century. A
hundred years ago some steel pens
were made in Birmingham, by Mr.
Harrison for Dr. Priestly, and some of
these passed into the hands of Sir
Josiah Mason in his early days with
Mr. Harrison; but all seem to be lost.
The first pen of metal of a definite
date, beyond all question, is one in a
Dutch patent-book, of 1717. At about
the same time a polite ode of Pope re-
fers to a "steel and gold pen," but
these were evidently luxuries only, and
it was not until about fifty or sixty
years ago that metallic pens became
more generally in use. In the "Local
Notes and Queries," in The Birming-
ham Weekly Post, definite evidence has
been given as early as 1806, and more
commonly in 1817; but it was about
1823 or 1824 that the great revolution
came by which pens were made by a
cheaper process—the hand screw-press,
which pierced the pens from sheet
steel. Previously, pens had been made
from steel rolled into tube fashion, and
the joint formed the slit; but these re-
quired considerable labor to shape them
into pen-form. The use of the screw-
press belongs to the period of John
Mitchell, Joseph G. Holt, and Josiah
Mason; but on a careful review of the
facts, it seems to be clear that John
Mitchell has the best claim to be con-
sidered as the original introducer of
press-made pens. Skinner, of Shef-
field, was apparently one of the first to
cheapen steel pens, but his production-
were soon surpassed when the screw
press was introduced.

A Chapter on Girls.

It is a little difficult to describe the
"charming girl." She has not as yet
penetrated the remote country places,
except in the faint reflections to be
found in the columns of the illustrated
story papers. She has succeeded the
"type" girl, however, in the current
literature of a somewhat better order,
and is a decided relief from the over-
ingenuous, too-quickly loving, extra-
spontaneous maiden who preceded her.

The charming girl usually knows a
good deal. A man feels in talking to
her that she has ideas, that she is quite
out of the transitional stage between
an affectionate creature of impulses
and a rational human being. She is
less impressionable than the type girl
was. As Mrs. Howe says, girls don't
fall in love any more. It would be im-
possible for the truly charming girl to
fall in love in the old-fashioned way,
the way which led the amiable pre-
decessor of the Angelina type to set her
affections on a villain or an idiot and
cling to him through thick and thin
with a fidelity and a rapture that looks
very silly to the charming girl. She
knows herself better than ever a girl
knew herself before. She is taught
wisely and well by her careful mother,
and no man can surprise her heart into
surrender unless he has at least a few
of the elements of genuine manliness
and nobility, attractions of mind and
spirit as well as of face and manner.

Of course there is a sham charming
girl who doesn't fall in love because
she hasn't no heart to lose, having
wasted it all in admiration of herself
and her pretty gowns. This inconse-
quent and effective little sham knows
enough, however, to imitate the ways
of the girl who is genuinely charming,
and she gets up a very clever and in-
teresting, counterfeit offensiveness, and
one which is extremely good to look at
on a pleasant summer's day.

By and by, when the ideal girl comes
to bless the world, there will, without
doubt, be a sweet and pretty sham of
her also to be found at the shore and
mountain resorts, whom the sham men
then upon the earth will flirt with to
their heart's content, while the ideal
man will bow at the shrine of the ideal
girl.—Boston Record.

His Campaign Fund.

"Here is your pocket book hubby;
you left it in your coat to-day, and I
was real glad. I had forgotten to ask
you for some money. It came in just
beautiful; for I wanted a new parlor
set, a piano, lambrquins, laces and a
brussels carpet and I—"

"How much did you use?"

"You won't be angry, will you, dear?
I bought a smoking-jacket for you. I
spent all the money, and there wasn't
enough to buy hangings for the back-
parlor to match the front; but the
draper said he would wait